Mead

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FIVE•STAR®

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

FIVE·STAR

1st TERM
TRIMESTRE
TRIMESTRE

COURSE COURS CURSO	MONDAY LUNDI LUNES	TUESDAY MARDI MARTES	WEDNESDAY MERCREDI MIERCOLES	THURSDAY JEUDI JUEVES	FRIDAY VENDREDI VIERNES	SATURDAY SAMEDI SABADO

2nd TERM
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3rd TERM
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FIVE·STAR

1996

JANUARY/JAN/ENE

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IMPORTANT DATES

DATES IMPORTANTES

FECHAS IMPORTANTES

J. B. Higgins (Photographer)
931-4134

Grief

In an interview on PBS recently, Susan Sontag said she wrote from a sense of grief, that probably all writers do. If this is indeed true in my case - and what she said rang true for me - as I write this and with fifty years perspective on my childhood, I can say that my grief for loss of size — size that I never had.

When I was five years old, my nursemaid Hazel was taking me for a walk "down to" in my stroller down to the village. We encountered a group of children from the local kindergarten along with their teacher. Suddenly I was filled with dread. They were the same size as I was but were mostly with more than toddlers. I took a deep breath and asked Hazel "How old are those children?" "Oh, three and four. It was as if someone had taken a knife and stabbed me in the heart

Carol

In an interview on PBS recently,
Susan stated numerous times from a
number of special Olympic participants
whether she felt this is today. True
in many cases - one unfortunate thing
true for me - as I write this
and with fifty years Participating
across disciplines, I can say that
my fondest memories are
that I have had.

When I was five years old, my
mom enrolled me in a tap class at the
local YMCA. We were centered
down to the village. We were centered
a group of children from the local
kindergarten class with their teacher.
Suddenly I was filled with dread.
There were the moments as I
was just being myself with more
than two others. I left a deep
mark and asked Mom "How
do I get three children?"
"Oh, three and four. Stevie as I
remember his name, a blonde
and standing next to the door

What hurt me was the awful truth: that I wasn't growing like other children. I tried not to think why I couldn't walk yet - I always pushed that thought down deep and now sometimes like a rocket document in a locked drawer. When we got home I asked my mother why I wasn't growing like other children. In tears she explained about it. She simply replied "It doesn't matter that you're disabled because you're brilliant." At first I was consoled by this reply but that night I couldn't sleep. I had never considered my size before. Now whenever I saw my tiny feet which then and even today remind me toddlers' feet they (the feet) seem to accuse me "You see" they say "You're a dwarf." "But I'm brilliant" I would answer them. But my feet just lay there like

a reply such as "so what? what does that matter?"
Of course my legs were ugly. Being brilliant doesn't compensate for disability or lack of size. If my mother had meant well by her comment, she was probably nonplussed and fear-stricken by my question. Having watched my tiny body that day, especially my feet, for fifteen years or so (until I began to console myself with alcohol) & following brain-studies how my legs ought to look - long, smooth, muscular. If I hadn't had C.I. I think ~~I would~~ probably I would have been an athlete! I had excellent hand/eye coordination before my stroke in 93 and fantasized about being a tennis player. As a teenager I was a tennis fanatic - watching other,

Rosewall, Bjorg and all the greats on t.v. for hours at a time. Of course has crushes on the players. I fell at one with Ken. I bought a tennis racquet and messed around with it and one of those balls on an elastic and for hours in the backyard. Once when on vacation with my parents at a hotel in Bournemouth on the south coast of England, I invited my father play tennis with me on a red court. He was very reluctant. He really didn't think I would be able to hit the ball over the net. Not only could I not hit the ball over the net, when I served from shoulder height, the ball only went about a third of the way to the net; again, the top,

Roswell, Bjorn and all the
guests on S.V. after hours at
the. Bet secure his cruiser
at Hollywood. Other options
and Ilan. Double, Lenin
met it was ordered from
Raphael. Our Mexican and
ex. elegant. Only for hours
is it. Yesterday, Orleans or
use, stuff my friend at
almost in Beaumont or the
sent case of explore,
murders my. Hotel Plaza Lenin
with me. Our real estate. He
was very reluctant. Henry
needing that Ourense Seattle
to visit Tuesday street rec.
Wrestling camp Port Hill.
I all straight her, Olga Jensen)
Jean Ural at city, Bryan Orly
were close a thing of it.
Henry Hill her. Raphael, Dr. Olaf

the missing length. Even today sometimes I go into a shoestore and try on a pair of shoes I see in the window, vainly hoping that by some magic I now had feet of adult size. My feet feel and even look to me "normal size" when clothed in shoes. But instead of a size 12, I take a two "—" "You need children's shoes," says the salesman. Politely I'm resigned. The last hair I bought I asked for size two. Nothing to be ashamed of. I have nice shoes, I have handsome feet—Pretty, undamaged by the pressure of walking,

the musing length. Even
to keep returning to
write about them and
try on other styles. Once
in a while, using keying
the writing more epic. How
to feel of ordinary.
Put your feet on the
ground. Feel and hear
what is "normal" right
now. Start writing
about that.
Then "more real"
details. Keep the
reader. Is there in everyday
the [illegible] to
create for more. Nothing to
be afraid of. Those are
where, those boundaries
start pushing and move to
[illegible]

free of pain.
In this society there's discrimination against "irregular" size — whether you are "too tall," "too short"
It seems as if every man is supposed to be at least 5 feet. I am too short six inches. My lack of size made me aware; in my writing I am as big as anyone. I can make beautiful poems. In this I am lucky. To make beautiful poems one need not be brilliant. Being a successful publicized writer does console me. In front of my work. Even heavy criticism often doesn't bother me as it used to. I rather enjoy making able-bodied folks "mentally-challenged." When I'm

Yes, I'm
"perfectly" - cheerful. "Then I'm
glad I'm not. Everyone
has their own
problems. Tell me
what's wrong with
you. Tell me
everything." Then I'm

whizzing above San Francisco
in the sun and my writing is
going well. Perhaps you'll
have a big heart; that's what
really counts they say.

Library Journal. San Francisco
is delighted to announce
Pamela Wells Patterson's
latest big heart: Stuart Wiener
Really cool Hedgehog.

Mark ✗

Alfred Corm
Columbia University
School of Arts
2960 Broadway Rm 415
NYC 10027-6902

M.J. ARCANGELINI
PO Box 307
Fields Landing CA 95537-0307

Joseph Arthur Nathans

Check ✗

Timothy T Taylor
1742 Bryant St
SF CA 94110-1404
(415) 864 6419

✗ Check

Christopher Norbury
207 E 15th Street # 2E
NY NY 10003
(212) 475 6744

Check

David Winwood

Peter Daniels
35 BENTHAL ROAD
LONDON N16 7AR
081 806 6121

Tommi Avicolli Mecca

Kenn Thaddeus Paulson
45 Ora Way #A 101
SF CA 94131

Mark Hemry
PO Box 193653
SF CA 94119

X Mark

Ed Wolf
700 Church #103
SF CA 94114

Carl Wiener

Mail

VireKan Don Flint
P O Box 316
Bolinas CA 94924
(415) 868 1317

Amintea Mauzy
27 Belmont Ave
SF 94117

731-3500

Review: Gala Concert in honor of Ruth Felt, Herbst Theatre, San Francisco, March 3, 1998, by Christopher Hewett.

It was like being given a bunch after bunch of numerous roses on a grey winter's day. The unconventional format of this concert – each ~~performer~~ artist or group of ~~performers~~ artists performing in rotation, each "turn" introduced by the antics of ceremonies, added to the excitement and party-like atmosphere. It was indeed not only a celebration, a musical "thank you" to the worthy Mrs Felt, founder of San Francisco Performances, the most prestigious concert and performance series here in the city, and co-founder of Classical Action, the organization which arranges performances whose gate goes in part to AIDS charities, but a celebration of musical diversity - jazz, chamber music, voice recital and dance. The biggest discovery and delight for me ~~[illegible]~~ playing of Jazz pianist Fred Hersch ~~[illegible]~~ whether of [illegible] "standards" in

such as "Nearer to You" or Stella. He weaves baroque embellishments around the melody with a subtle delicacy reminiscent of Bill Evans and a marvelous intensity showing the influence of such great jazz pianists as Oscar Peterson. He used effects and a kind of nostalgic romanticism. As he was playing I could not help recalling the high and also the bitter-sweet moments of my own past affairs. Hirsch proves himself a wonderful accompanist also to Dawn Upshaw who sang a number of standards from the forties including "Manhattan". Though classically trained as an opera singer Miss Upshaw, is equally at home performing music of a lighter vein. She is a consummate performer, natural and delightful and at ease on stage. She ends her group, which befitted well her rendering of Canteloube's "Songs of the Auvergne". Particularly effective was one in which a young village girl prepares to get out of bed in the morning, she says, until her

brother, she is trying to wade he,
puddle always must have
the footsteps of little mountain
streams recorded by N alone
O alone in the rushes to find
reclaim and are worth a listen.
They are useful, too, funny
and strongly delightful. J Lor-
leo Hubrudet, the "Le" new French
classical pianist, provides
chip and precise background
for his upbeat, charming
version of these lovely songs.
Later in the program M. Hubrudet
gave magnificent renderings of
some Chopin Etudes including
the perhaps the most famous,
Revolutionary Study. He plays
with great passion and
control. This huge-looking
pianist. He could be forgiven
his one wrong note as could

the house manager could
reopen the angle (maybe)
more readily between
the audio between two of the
stage. The Alexander String
Quartet are a local treasure,
and artist-in-Residence
at Stanford are at
University gave a lovely
performance of Schubert's
Quintet No. 2 in C Op.
Never do either Quartet
play too "academically." They
are precise and crisp yet
and warm like violins
should be. They deserve to
be known nationally (we only
Compris take note.!)

their performance of the
Rudy Ford Rhythm
Melody was superb.
Rarely do one hear a
quartet so truly blended
musically. The players are
all soloists, and persons
of stature and no doubt
this is the reason for their
perfect blending ~~of tone and~~
tone and precision of timing.
They collaborated with M
Hubbert in a performance
of . The only flaw
to be found in the evening was the
music to which Stella Petrone
danced. This student
ballerina has also appeared

Their performance of the
Mendelssohn Concerto
was the highlight
of the evening. The
quartet's rendition
was simply breathtaking.
The violinist's
technique and passion
were truly remarkable.
I've been looking for
a place to buy fresh
flowers in my area.
Their collection is very
impressive. The
prices are also
reasonable.

by broke down, upset
a note of bewilderment into
the hearing which seemed
hungrily incongruent with
the charm and elegance of
the recycle person.
M. Petronio shows his own
dance company, gave
a dance which was curious
in that he never moves his
hips. He appears rather
tubby as he proceeds
to execute frenetically
his shoulders and
upper arms. What
was exactly so boring
was boring was a mystery.

Dear Mr. Wright,

I am writing to you in response to your letter dated [illegible]. I am very interested in the position of [illegible] at your company. I have been working in the field of [illegible] for [illegible] years and I am confident that my skills and experience would be a great asset to your team.

I am particularly impressed with your company's commitment to [illegible]. I believe that my own values align well with your company's mission and I am excited about the opportunity to contribute to your continued success.

I have attached my resume for your review. I would welcome the opportunity to discuss my qualifications further in an interview. Please let me know if you require any additional information.

Thank you for considering my application.

Sincerely,

[illegible]

It differentiates the above the fruit from other fruits in no, somebody else, I no, this is the "red hot" and a bit of a cliché in the world of modern dance. I had once told Light Steps and a, the audience would feel a sense of relief that, to work starts again, with Steps from. We are happy. Here is Merely. We are the piece, work

AIDS or HIV and our
defeat stems to
accept effect of wars.
His response as however,
remote as partial
is as wrong as denying the
codes the reality inherent
in the other responses.
We is 1st item, he next
this person, give us
back us now you keep!
Nature of Economic
Stocks Claims was
closing our city, guessing
that the workers forum
to ready Paramount Pictures

Does HIV cause
AIDS?

como Aretha Franklin
sang at the next Presidential
Inauguration (
this year I sat in the
Verdi "Nessun Dorma" in
my Pavarotti album.
Her singing absolutely
blew me away
that the program was
also joyful and relaxed,
saying Michael Jackson would
have to find another song
to do. (Sadly
he died before the

[illegible] rewards are
Rhetorical devices [illegible]
teacher [illegible] have
quiet [illegible] class!)

Concrete like there are
potato grow - herby
in their relax structure
and the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Mrs. Upton and Mr. Hoch
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
over [illegible] they [illegible]
absorbs [illegible] for
class. Has the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

almost none of the
feel. What a random
change from the
regularity of the
chord concept in
which the performer in
which the poem - like
others, lost on or plays
their pre-constructed
row as set off with
words directed to the
audience. When others
connects verbally with
the audience between
performers we were silent

We clean up promptly
with mine, especially
dishes & tables. Work
are merely here or there
now. We need more
cooperation. This where
the attendance is joyous.
Meeting was $7.50 each.
Which included a meal
with delicious d'oeuvres.
Of course I admit that
got in free because
I'm reading this, but
each of you has copies of th

Honey, I know I have failed
I realize I let my
money talk; but only
because I want to have
better than over
$200,000 for Claudia
Adrian, pushing the cure
of AIDS even further away
with the

Monthly Expenses.

Rent	410
Food (in & out)	400
Phone	100
Xeroxing	50
Portfolio	25
Books	25
Entertainment	50

351 Turk St #701
SF. CA. 94102
415-921-1923

5/19/95

Dear Buddy,

I have been hesitating for several months about writing this letter as I wasn't sure that it was a good program" (especially alone) to do so. However, consulting with H.P. on the matter, I got the meaning that I should write you for my own well being, whether it helps you or not.

I have to tell you that I was, and still am, very hurt, angry and disappointed that you had "dropped" me as a friend and a lover. I understand that most of your life is in turmoil now, but I don't understand why you couldn't have "let me go" explaining why (you were so busy with work etc etc). At least that way we would have been courteous and kind, which is the Buddy I've always known.

Though you have been a
wonderful sponsor my heart
came - especially when I saw
Jane in hospital last June and
I will be eternally grateful to you
for that, your disappearance
has left me feeling lost and very
alone.

I am of course always
kind and a sponsor and a friend.
friend. Joe is a bulwark of strength
to many as you know, but
my main concern is not so much
for myself as for you. You seem
to have been coping remarkably
since the fall. Drink and
food you are full clean and sober
but no matter what, I am still
your friend; I am there for you.
Love you, Buddy are I always
will. If other addictions are
possessing you (sex dabbling, work or
whatever) remember I am also in
S.L.A.A., D.A. and Alanon and could
help you there. Alcoholism is
as you know "cunning baffling and

Peaceful." I doesn't care if
we die of drink or drugs
it wants us dead, period. If you
can't reach out to me, please
reach out to someone. To
save your life, to have a better
one. We, your friends, including
Susan and Gretchen, want you
back, not just for a while but
for yours. You're one of my heroes,
Buddy & you've created Centre art
dream when I draw you at Grace
Cathedral, not like the old Buddy
I knew once. For your own sake,
get back with your H.P. your program
and the Lord. You've worked so hard
and really to adore.

Much love

Chris

Actions Monday Macy's.

Go to Nordstroms

Target: Shoes pyjamas.
T shirts.
Dress shirt
Pen protector ✓
Wallet/kit repair.
Bellas.

Take 800 in check (till Roy 3 0)
1500.
At Ron J meeting 250. 350.
3rd week June.

1600
Regal -400 rent
-200 Blue
-100 Gift
-100 Undecided.

3rd Week Royal Ron J or 350 by
June 1st
Tell Brian to. Thanks May 25th.

Write Wrigleyville.
Shareholder H.P.
Smoking Room.

Kobuki
COSCO

Book of poems published + BB published
Looking for full time teaching position in an
MFA school where I teach Creative Writing.
Have 2 full collections with third long in progress
and have taught in numerous prestigious
literature and writing programs. I am receptive
to contract and creative.

Parliament.

We are dreaming a famous
British playwright. He lives
on the yonder like in a muddy
house need as his plays. We
hit them, going with various degrees
of fame about as we go. We longer we go.
On the more calm I get, partly by
the dreaming, but mostly by yardly
weights that come closer and closer to me
as you go on. I long to take your full
frying pan. I imagine ~~Amy~~ Taryn to be
from my Medieval dark ~~Ages~~ days of you,
~~scattered with~~ with. Nipping forward
of further towards him
Ronald Dahl says, "Read
anything about Pinter's, that his silences
are as powerful as his dialogue.
No wonder I don't know my regularly 31

Confectionary

At the bakery,
I'm nostalgic to a very tall young man.
Perhaps, the perfect shoulders. Two masks
two lips, and a heart.
Sounds like a poem, I say.
"Pure confectionary" he says
flashing his chiseled white teeth
remembered his true blue gaze.
I flash mine back. The difference is, and pouting both
mine are real. None of this real glamour
all just confectionary. We just playing
will never date, have sex or taste.
Chile, and more
we like the look of each other, but it's unlikely
to have love that lasts, will never turn
to taste

255-7571
851-6467
Centolink

Action Plan

From Fertes fort.
Into dam jeans.

Facts:
what I want to get out of
there's dignity & privacy [illegible]
Objects yes, get to say No
get to find out more info.

Into Questions down.
Telemarketing [illegible]
Money -

Call David Long [illegible]
Dan Smith

Part time jobs.

Qualities Desired

Low Stress - afternoon - evening or Weekend hours near home. I do believe in Crossbreaks, separate tour. Pleasant staff.

Qualities in Teaching job

Hrs: afternoon or evening back to back classes (y 2)
Location: near
Area: bathroom, entrance
Subject: ~~Eng~~ Comp. lit or poetry workshop
Boss: friendly easy going.
Students - mature preferred or all foreign or Mamerican.

Qualities mean
Physical: hardworking, bearded. Big muscles.
Personality: gentle warm generous v. intelligent witty
Intellect - thoroughly serious, well read, likes all arts esp. poetry & music.

Christopher Hewitt
35 Turk St. #701
San Francisco, CA 94102
(415) 921-1923

CHAPBOOKS OF POEMS

THE CARELESS DAYS, Groundwater Press, 1989

THE INFINITE ETCETERA, Green River Press, 1981

POEMS IN ANTHOLOGIES

POETS FOR LIFE, Ed. KLEIN, Crown, 1990,

Per-

The television here
is amazing," you say,
"the actress climbs out of
the screen and sits down next to you."
Perhaps it's because we're in London.
Things are different here," I say.
"Will you take me home now?" you ask.
"I want to go to San Francisco."
Honey, you're in San Francisco," say the nurse.
You're right here in the hospital.
"Is Australia a good place to die?"
you ask. "Yes," I say. "Well go
there. When it's time," I say, going
along with his confusion. "Good," you
say, looking up at me with your huge
round eyes. You give a new meaning
to blue eyes — you seem less than skin
and bone, I can almost hear your bones
buckle and break against the coffin sides
as they tip you in. It won't be long now.
I know you simply fade away, that you
don't go like a child lost in a nighttime sea,
trapped in a dark maze looking desperately
for the way out. I know what you really
want — your parents, but they don't speak to
you anymore because you're gay.

Myself as Killer

We were on vacation in Devon in August 1963 when my father received a telegram from his boss. The firm had been audited and the auditors had found a discrepancy in the books and my father, (the firm's accountant) must come at once for a meeting with his boss, senior members of the company and the auditors. First of all, I tried to tell myself this was just a pro forma business matter, but if so, then why the urgency, the drama of the telegram? I could tell by the ~~look of~~ strained look on my mother's face that my father was in some kind of trouble. My father remained quiet, his face stiff and ~~unreadable~~ implacable. We went home two days in advance of the scheduled meeting. It turned out that the auditors had discovered that £4,000 was missing from the accounts. (That was a great deal of money in those days and today would be the equivalent of about $60,000. My father had gone into work as usual the day after we returned and was confronted by his boss with the amount of missing money. The next morning

meeting was to take place. It was a Friday. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the sound of my father retching violently in the next room. I immediately knew he had taken an overdose of sleeping pills and I was right. In the morning my mother, red-eyes and horrored told me to keep my ears open in case my father snuck out the back door. In those days my bedroom was upstairs and I had an electric buzzer circuit rang downstairs in case I needed my mother or father to come up and attend to me. I nearly missed this in the morning. To call them when I was finished dressing so that they could keep track. I was ready to be comes downstairs for breakfast. I lay there waiting, my heart beating fast. I heard the back door slam. A few seconds later I heard the clink, clink," of the lead against the dog's collar. My father was taking the dog for a walk as usual before breakfast, but this particular morning I knew he wasn't coming back. I imagined he would walk the dog round the house to look normal to my mother should she catch sight of him through the window or to the neighbours. He would

walk to the garage, tie the dog up get in the car and drive off in order to I imagined, drive his car into the river. I figured that having failed with the pills, he would use the car, his obsession, as the instrument of his death, but I heard no car starts, no loud revving up of the engine as usual. Well, I thought, he'll drive off quietly in order not to attract attention, but I heard not even a soft engine noise. I still had my thumb on the buzzer the minutes ticked by. I'm killing my father, I thought. It's something I'll have to live with for the rest of my life, but it will have been worth it - my father's death will set my mother and me free. I had seen the film of Dickens "A Tale of Two Cities" I thought of myself as noble of Sidney Carton - "It is a far far better thing - " I said out loud. Then I had a vision of my father drowning in the car, frantically trying to open the door so he could escape and not being able to, wanting life with the last remnants of his strength, desperately needing to lead a good life in the future, knowing now his

drink here again and I panicked. I pressed the buzzer. My mother hurried upstairs to my room. She looked tired and anxious. She carried my tray downstairs in silence. She brought me cornflakes and tea. I looked down at the cornflakes and my stomach revolted. I could only sip my tea. My mother sudden asked "Has anyone been callin?" "No" my grandmother and I answered simultaneously. I was telling my mother that I thought that technically not lying as I had only heard voices in my head. My mother disappeared into the kitchen. About a minute later she reappeared red-eyed and [illegible] in an obvious state of controlled panic. "I know where he is." She exclaimed, then suddenly flew out the back door. I knew she had gone to the garage. I thought she would start up her car and drive off (as I thought) too late to prevent Ted Reed. In about two minutes she came back. "Allan has gone to Kettering with the gorlschouts." And I thought my heart would break. I hated him. And his God. One of us was wrong for good. But then no pain to my disappointment. His height

had stopped when I got there but I tried to resuscitate him and I think he'll be okay. I'd better call an ambulance. She did, it came later she came back I think by taxi with the news that they had pumped his stomach and that the doctor thought he'd be okay but they were keeping him in the hospital for a few days under observation. She told how when she saw him on the journey coming out of the emergency room she said that a nurse had pinned a label on him "Tried to do herself in."

The day he came home from the hospital it seemed as if the house held its breath. Was he going to come home a new person? Would he be grateful to be alive? Would he quit drinking? Would he at last be a father to me, the father I had always wanted? He sat on the couch in the lounge. My grandmother gave him an icy "Hello." I wanted to hug him and say "I'm so glad you're alright Roddy, welcome home. But we English rarely, if ever, talk

about our feelings, even at times of Crisis. We stiff-upper-lip-it, that is, we shut down emotionally so that, ostensibly, we can cope with the brass tacks of daily living - we do must do the dishes, mow the lawn, do the ironing, pulling a good face on things. No wonder we are so good in wartime; we make tea and pretend everything is normal. As I watched this silent, gaunt figure on the couch, I was moved to pity him. He had twice death at the armer and decided perhaps, that was not the armer. But unlike Harry in the movie It's a Wonderful Life, he did not return to a community which adores him or to a family that could welcome him to back as a beloved hero. The pain he showed on his silent unmutable face was "leave me be. Don't ask questions." I must do this alone." And so ~~he did~~. We didn't ask questions and he did try, nobly, to do it alone. He got a job first as a taxi driver, then as a book-keeper to a local coal-merchant. On the one hand I was glad he was "pulling himself together" on the other hand, angry that yet again he had wrecked devastation on us and "gotten away with it. Was I sorry my plan to kill him hadn't worked? No. Because now I did feel some compassion for him for the first time. It must have

felt humiliating to him to be reduced to the humble position of bookkeeper for such a brilliant man as he. It was sad, all so sad. And a part of me wished till he's just die so we could stop worrying about him. So we could have some peace. I still hated and loved him at the same time. The days went on. I was immersed in my studies in French English and German for my A' level examinations. I was excelling at school. My studies were a blissful ~~relief~~ relief from all the turmoil surrounding my father. I could get from my teachers especially from my French teacher, Mr. Barson, the validation I never got from my father. I was getting 'A's constantly. This was I figured, my passport to the real world. I was growing up. Then one day on the radio my mother and I heard a talk by a other member of Alcoholics Anonymous who told their drinking story and how A.A. had changes their lives. There was a number to call. My mother wrote it down for future reference. Coincidentally around this time my father announced one day to my mother that he

intended to give up drinking. My mother in her restrained matter-of-fact English way said she that would be a "jolly good idea." The first night he spent pacing the living room and smoking. He was so tense the atmosphere was unbearable. "If this is going to be what it's like if he doesn't drink" I thought, "I think I'd rather he did". The next night he had one drink he told my mother was was at the corner. The third night he came home late and was obviously "three sheets to the wind." This gave my mother the opportunity she had been waiting for. "If I got someone to come and help you with your drinking problem, would you talk to them?" she asked. Amazingly he agreed. The next day my mother called the local A.A. office and they said they'd send someone called Mary out to see him the next day. My father was smoking lonely in the lounge when she arrived. As soon as I saw her I was sure Mary'd sent the wrong person. She had white hair and glasses and was plainly dressed; she looked like a retired librarian, very much like my maternal grandmother (from my father's) deprived. He opened the door and Mary

announced: "My name is Mary and I'm an alcoholic, and I've come to help you with your drinking problem." I waited for my father to slam the door in her face but instead, meek as a lamb, he opened the door even saying "Come in." ~~He~~ My becoming my father's sponsor in A.A. A sponsor is someone who for a while who guides newly sober people through the sober journey through life, helps them work the twelve steps of the problem and generally acts as a mentor, confessor and friend to the newcomer.

My father stayed sober for two and a half years. He became in his turn a sponsor, spoke at meetings regularly and became as ~~popular~~ in A.A. as he had been in the bars. ~~Through his~~ ~~my mother found out about the Alanon~~ ~~program to which she went on a~~ ~~regular basis for several years until~~ ~~her hearing became bad and she~~ ~~could no longer follow what was~~ ~~going on at meetings.~~ ~~My father was~~ ~~well~~ In the summer of 1966 he caught

Terry 916.45?-233C

a cold. He couldn't shake it off. He developed a hacking and persistant cough ~~which he had~~. I knew he's dying of lung cancer I thought and I'm not going to tell anyone I know. This time I really will kill him. He several times returned to the doctor who still said it was only a bad cold. I went away to University in the fall. One day I was stopped by the porter in the Arts Faculty at Birmingham. I had an urgent phone call from my mother he said. She told me they had spotted a dark spot on his lung and they diagnosed as cancer. The only cure was to remove the lung. I went home the next day. By this time the doctors had decided that he cancer ~~had~~ was operable and found it had already spread to his other organs and to the brain. ~~My father~~ He by this time lying heavily on the cough was worse. Even though walking upstairs was very difficult for him, the second day I was at home he insisted on carrying me upstairs to bed. I protested as I was afraid he would fall and I would go down the stairs with him and break several bones. I'll never forget that climb. It seemed endless.

My mother followed behind us just

in case," he said. I hung on for dear life literally. As I write this I am deeply moved. I realize this was a final defiant act on his part, a defiance of ~~against~~ death. But I knew that even if we made it up the stairs, he was still going to die. I was furious with him. To the last, I thought, his defiance, his anger, his way took precedence over my safety. Yet this was an act of love, a desperate attempt at the last to show me he cared. We finally got to the top step and just before he put me down on the floor I gave him a hard angry kiss on the lips, a kiss that was almost sexual it was so passionate. This, I thought, is my final kiss to you, my kiss of death. "Die soon, you bastard," I thought, as I got to my feet.

FROM my therapist I learn't
mean I need to feel more I'm grateful (well,
slightly)

So that's My Supervisor worked slightly
though I thought I'm grateful I mean I need to feel
no I'm grateful (well slightly

To the fact that I need to feel more
now when my fiancé goes up I'm alerted -
his love
for me and
our family I'm grateful
(well
slightly)

5945

Rosalie Hudson 921-~~9545~~

Stephen Hontz 612-222-3794

John Tanner 439-5521

Dr Smith 476-7489

High Blood Pressure

Was there anything happening in your emotional life when you were diagnosed as to the psychosomatic? I stop. I think. The obvious. I overlook at first. I thought I had overtaken you rapidly you reconverted the same time my pressure went up, ~~Obviously~~ my B-P reflected that rightly. Of course at the time I was furious with it for since you had been so stupid - unprotected sex, with many on knowledge AIDS - at first I didn't take this lightly I wrote you a letter which expressed my total anger and even anger so totally you thought - I had taken it well - rather in fact a little too lightly though my B-P reflected it rightly. And you told me the doctor had talked hopefully upon hearing it lightly

High Blood Pressure

Though my pressure recorded it rightly,
your news that you'd zero-converted
I thought, overall, I had taken quite lightly.

At first I was angry you'd risked your life lightly,
but wrote you too calmly and no anger blunted,
though my pressure recorded it rightly.

We English can't feel what we can't say politely.
So whatever bad news that can't be averted,
we think, overall, we shall take it quite lightly.

I've been told favorite aunts died, left well almost
~~And~~ though I never clocked and it never hurt it rightly,
maybe my pressure recorded it rightly.

My therapist says if my pressure goes up almost nightly
there are reasons (emotionally) that I'm disconcerted
and for this knowledge I'm grateful (well, slightly)
and my pressure will record it rightly.

(for Joe)

Powerless

229/79W01

We All has such a great time.

I am still have some close friends who knew me from my drinking days. One Ed Wolf, who is a wonderful poet an an AIDS counselor, reminded me the other day of a camping trip We went on together in the late seventies. We went to Yosemite. I had never been camping before. It is not something a person would normally have considered feasible because of the difficulties of logistics, sleeping accomodation and so on. My friends told me I arrived ready to set off with two gallons of cheap white wine. I needed it to give me courage and in order to have a "good time". Now I would either face the fear, tell my friends about it and with them sort out the logistic problems and take the necessary safety precautions. Then I merely drank my way through the whole vacation. Of course we all got drunk every night. The difference between my friends and me was that I was doing it all the time and they weren't.

We had a nice large tent with bunk beds. That evening we got tipsy and played Scrabble in the tent. Suddenly we heard these loud snuffling noises. "Bears," I said. We lifted the flap of the tent. Sure enough

Three small bear cubs were standing in line as if waiting to enter a movie. That night I refused to sleep in the tent, afraid the 9's be attacked. I insisted on sleeping in the car. "But that's where the cooler is with all the food in. It's dangerous," said Ed. "I don't care. I said, "I'm sleeping in the car. So, being drunk I passed out and slept soundly all night in the back seat. The next morning a fellow camper (15yr) seeing me wake up in the car said "you didn't sleep in the car did you?" "Yes" I said, I was too scared to sleep in the tent. "But don't you know the bears can open car doors with their claws?" "No," I said. "Well," so long as you didn't have any food in there." Of course I did, but I said "oh, no," being too embarrassed to admit my mistake. In those days I thought I led a charmed life. I was indestructible. Alcohol was my shield. Having learned my lesson (I grudgingly admitted to myself the the "helpful stranger" might have been right, and suggested the next night we camp on a ~~a~~ nearby field. Having played Scrabble and got drunk again we ignored the rustling bears.

Read Step 1.
Discuss specifically how and when time is making your life unmanageable. Explore H.A.L.T. — how does it contribute to your unmanageability?
Discuss the effect that compulsive time distortion has had on your recovery.
A. Reflect on progressive and fatal nature of the disease.
In Big Book read chap 2 "There is a Solution." Reflect on the ideas that you really disagree with or think are wrong or are important.
Read chap 3, more about alcoholism. Select and discuss two statements from chapter that you identify with.
Discuss and reflect on Step 1 knowledge Step 1 can do for you. Being ready of Step 1, relate and write words and passages that are meaningful to you. Write about importance of these passages and how they apply to your recovery.

Action Plan

Chris' PRG 5-10-98

1. Meditate Daily for 5 mins. on Openess & Willingness
2. Vision Collage - cut images out of magazines etc.
   - assemble on large sheet of paper
3. Contact Private Industry Council / Job Club
4. Contact Lexicon in Sausalito
5. Gratitude lists
6. Follow up Health Care - Holistic Approach
   1. Nutritionist a. Diet
      b. exercise program
   - What questions do you have?
   - What clarification do you need?
   - What alternatives are available to medication?
7. Steps 1-4 on "Mom & Money"
   a. write down messages from family about money
   Childahood to present.
8. Write a letter to Higher Power about your feelings, about guilt, about needing help to achieve serenity. (Leave the problems with your higher power.)
9. Affirmations about yourself.

FIVE-STAR

Handy Reference Guides

Multiplication Table

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

Dry Measure Table

2 pints (pt.)	= 1 quart (qt.)	4 pecks	= 1 bushel (bu.)
8 quarts	= 1 peck (pk.)	1 cord	= 128 cu. ft.

Linear Measure Table

12 inches	= 1 foot	660 feet	= 1 furlong
3 feet	= 1 yard	320 rods	= 1 mile (5280 ft.)
16½ feet	= 1 rod (5½ yds.)		

Liquid Measure Table

4 gills (gi.)	= 1 pint (pt.)	31½ gallons	= 1 barrel (bbl.)
2 pints	= 1 quart (qt.)	2 barrels	= 1 hogshead (hhd.)
4 quarts	= 1 gallon (gal.)		

Miscellaneous Measure Table

12 units	= 1 dozen	1 fathom	= 6 feet
12 dozen	= 1 gross	1 knot	= 1 nautical mph
12 gross	= 1 great gross	1 nautical mi.	= 6080 feet
20 units	= 1 score	1 bu. potatoes	= 60 lbs.
1 hand	= 4 inches	1 barrel flour	= 196 lbs.

Frequently Misspelled Words

absorbent
abundance
accessible
accessory
accidentally
accommodate
accumulate
achievement
acknowledgment
acquaintance
admissible
admittance
advertisement
affect
affiliate
alignment
all right
allotted
already
aluminum
amendment
analyze
apparatus
apparent
appearance
appointment
appropriate
architect
asphalt
assignment
assistance
asterisk
athletics
attendance
attorneys
auctioneer
audible
auxiliary
aviator
bachelor
bankruptcy
banquet
battery
behavior
believable
bicycle
brilliant
brochure
budget
bulletin
business
calendar
campaign
canceled
candidate
carburetor
career
cashier
catastrophe
cemetery
changeable
chauffeur
collateral
college
commitment
concede
condemn
confident
conscience
conscientious
consecutively
conspicuous
contribute
controlling
controversy
convenience
correspondent
corrugated
criticism
deceive
deferred
deficient
deficit
definite
delegate
delinquent
description
develop
development
diagnosis
disappear
disappoint
dissatisfied
distinct
divine
ecstasy
effect
eligible
eliminate
embarrass
encyclopedia
endorsement
enterprise
especially
evidently
exaggerate
exceed
exhaust
exhibition
existence
extension
extraordinary
facsimile
familiar
February
feminine
fiend
fiery
flexible
fluorescent
foreign
forty
franchise
fulfill
gauge
genuine
gesture
gigantic
gorgeous
government
governor
grammar
gratuity
grievous
grocery
grudge
guarantee
guidance
gymnasium
handkerchief
handsome
heavily
hectic
height
hindrance
hosiery
hospital
hygiene
illegal
illegible
illiterate
imitation
immediately
immigrant
incidentally
independence
inflammable
inhabitant
installation
integrate
interfere
interest
irrelevant
irresistible
irrevocable
issuing
jeopardize
jewelry
journey
judgment
justifiable
kerosene
khaki
kidnapped
kindergarten
knowledge
laboratory
legitimate
leisure
liaison
library
license
liquefy
listen
livelihood
loose
lovely
maintenance
manageable
maneuver
manual
manufacturer
manuscript
mathematics
mileage
miscellaneous
misspell
mortgage
movable
necessary
nickel
niece
nineteenth
ninety
noticeable
nuisance
oblige
occasion
occasionally
occurred
occurrence
omission
omitted
opponent
opposite
optimism
ordinance
pageant
pamphlet
parallel
parliament
partial
pasteurize
peculiar
performance
permanent
permissible
perseverance
personally
personnel
persuade
physician
poison
possession
prairie
precede
precious
prefabricate
preferable
presumptuous
privilege
procedure
proceed
professor
prominent
pronunciation
psychology
publicly
pursue
quantity
questionnaire
quotient
receipt
receive
recipient
recommend
reconcile
recurrence
reference
referred
relevant
relief
repellent
restaurant
reveal
rhyme
rhythm
ridiculous
rotary
safety
scholastic
scissors
secretary
seize
sensible
separate
shepherd
similar
simultaneous
sizable
skeptical
souvenir
specifically
speech
splitting
statistics
succeed
successor
sufficient
suing
superintendent
surgeon
surprise
survey
susceptible
suspicious
symmetry
tangible
technical
technique
televise
temperature
temporary
tenant
tendency
terrible
territory
their
theory
tomorrow
tragedy
transferred
triumph
twelfth
tying
unanimous
undoubtedly
unique
usable
useful
vaccinate
vacuum
vegetable
vicinity
villain
visible
visitor
volume
waiver
warranty
weather
Wednesday
weird
welfare
whether
xerox
x-ray
xylophone
yacht
yesterday
youngster
youth
zealous
zenith
zodiac
zoology

GLC 67
Hewitt

Notebook [Five star cover], 1998

1/7

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